

Molly Coddled

Tilt

Not exactly in the lap of luxury, you were not quite of blue blood, but =
you know you went to bed with a belly full of supper, you were safe as a =
bug in a rug, you were swaddled and jolly Molly Coddled, like a dolly =
and your mommy maybe gave a little shrug when you threw a temper tantrum =
for another piece of something that other kids only dream of. Baby face, =
baby face, looking for a season in hell, baby face, baby face, I hope =
you learn your lesson well. Now you've chosen poverty, you did it for =
the sake of being hip, begging for a dollar never doubling for a moment =
your bohemian indigence, and you wonder why the folks in your run down =
neighbourhood don't recognize you as a kindred soul, 'cause you gotta =
bed in a sunny sub-division any time you wanna run home.